



## IT Rewind by destielxoxo

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**Summary:** What if Eddie survived the attack, but in IT's final moments they're sent back to 1989 with a wounded Richie? What secrets will they uncover and will Richie and Eddie finally get the ending they deserve? Meeting yourself is certainly more awkward than you think.

## IT Rewind

"Yippie-Kay-Yay Mother!..." Richie roared at the 8-legged monstrosity before him as a sudden flash of white lights clouded his vision. His jaw dropped to the ground and his eyes rolled to the back of his head which made them appear a pearly cream to spectators.

Eddie approached the scene with his eyebrows cocked high as a gasp of fear and astonishment released itself from his thin gaping lips.

His breathing hitched in his throat once he saw Richie's legs dangling metres above him in the air as if an invisible force were pulling him up slowly.

The comedians gangly figure slumped forward as the dirty black curls stuck to his forehead in a mixture of grey water and laboured sweat.

Eddie felt his heart flatline as he gazed up upon his best friend looking so weak and defenceless. A tear slid down his grimy cheek as he glanced down at the cold, rusty fence post wedged between his fingers.

"This kills monsters, if you believe it does," he repeated Beverly's strong, advising words as an overwhelming rush of courage forced its way through Eddie's heart.

"If you believe it does!" Eddie growled to reassure himself as he lunged forward with all his might and held the spear up, preparing to throw it towards the clown.

"BEEP! BEEP! MOTHER FUCKER!" Eddie screamed with what remained of his energy as his grip on the fence post faltered and went hurdling towards the clown's open mouth.

His hundreds of layers of teeth bared with furious intent as the 3 balls of blinding light smashed into each other, repelling and attracting all at once.

Eddie could hear the sound of charging electricity as the balls zapped and spun and shot beams of light through the clowns morphed head.

Then suddenly, a deep and ear shattering roar of pain broke through Eddie's ear drums. A shifting of rocks below Pennywise instructed Eddie into opening his eyes once more.

"Holy shit!" Eddie gasped.

His gaze searched the scene before him as they finally rested upon the figure wedged between the large boulders. A chill of recognition shivered down his spine as his brain processed that it was Richie laying there before him in a small puddle of his own blood.

The screams radiated through the air as he looked up and saw Pennywise convulsing and changing appearance dramatically. The clown stumbled backward and landed directly on top of a giant protruding spike which extended out of the centre.

A thick red ooze covered the object sticking out of the clown's chest as it collected together in morphing droplets and floated towards the ceiling.

"Richie!" Eddie called his name with disparity in his tone, glancing over his shoulder once more to see the clown's body contorted lifelessly on top of the spike.

Without his weapon he felt slightly more vulnerable, but nothing seemed to matter more in that one moment than Richie.

He felt like he could do anything and yet nothing at the same time. He attempted to picture a content and happy future without his best friend in it, but came up empty.

Before realisation struck, he found his legs acting miles before his brain and all rational thoughts were discarded as unimportant. All that mattered was that Richie was okay.

"Hey, hey! Rich!?" Eddie leaped over a clump of rocks as his carefully landed on top of Richie's unresponsive body.

Eddie's hands found themselves cupped around Richie's cheeks as their sweat and clamminess intermingled.

"Hey, Buddy! You can... You can wake up now... I think I defeated

it!" Eddie looked over his shoulder once more for no longer than a second in order to verify the demise of the clown which had tormented them into their adulthood.

Eddie whipped his head around once again to see an ugly white encompassing the majority of Richie's eyes.

"Richie!?" Eddie's voice trembled as his fingers began to stumble around his neck for a pulse.

He brushed the stubble along his jawline in search for a steady rhythm of contracting thumps and came across one in what felt like over an eternity later.

Eddie felt his chest heave as he felt a rush of light-headedness pass over him like a wave on the shore. It was when he felt the tightness in his lungs release with a satisfactory puff, that he realised he had been holding his breath.

A rumble in the rocks behind him alerted Eddie to Pennywise's ultimate resurrection as he gripped Richie by his jumper frantically and began to pull him down the slump of jagged rocks. The weight of Richie's body he could deal with to an extent, but the load of stress that accompanied Richie's fate was a mass too heavy for Eddie to handle alone.

Eddie was unexpectedly sent flying to the side as a claw whooshed through air and collided with the ground in a crash beside him.

The dodge had been a near miss, which increased Eddie's alertness to the situation playing out before him.

Eddie stumbled after Richie once again and placed both hands underneath his leather clad armpits.

"The fun is only just beginning! Isn't it Eddie!" The clown cackled and laughed as Eddie saw his friends running through a compressed archway of solid stone out of the corner of his eye.

Eddie followed desperately after them as he felt another pair of strong arms lift Richie up and help him towards safety.

"Eddie! B-B-Ben! In here!" the familiar voice of Bill Denbrough rung through their ears as Eddie stumbled down the slanted steps carelessly to get out of IT's immediate danger.

The losers all shared the same terrified, knowing look as Ben and Eddie placed Richie's back against a flat boulder to keep him upright.

"Eddie... Is he?" Beverly's breath hitched in her throat as her eyes inflated with every blink.

"No. I could feel a pulse," Eddie replied almost instantaneously as he felt the warm sensation of blood pooling at his knees, sticking the fabric to his skin.

Eddie quickly removed his jacket and worked up Richie's body, feeling for wound. He found it all too soon as his hand came back sticky and red at Richie's upper thigh. Eddie could feel a large puncture wound where his pants had been ripped and mingled with the cut.

He stretched and rolled his hoodie up as he began to wrap and tie it tightly around the injury to prevent the blood from spilling out.

"Why isn't he waking up?" Mike questioned with worry coating his voice as he knelt down before the trembling man.

"The deadlights," Beverly spoke in a quiet whimper.

Everyone drew in a synchronised breath of realisation as their memories took them back to the summer of 1989 when they faced IT together for the first time.

Their minds constructed an image as blurred as a water painting in their subconsciousness.

Beverly hanging mid-air as the losers struggled to pull her down with all their combined strength. Ben whimpering over his loss as his arms made their way around the back of her neck in a harsh but fast embrace. His lips would press against hers in an unexpected burst of affection as he heard sounds of shock and revulsion come from the loser's mouths surrounding him in a scattered circle. Beverly came too moments later with a sharp inhalation of oxygen for her starved

lungs.

Suddenly, it all became so obvious and clear for the small man as if it were written in the sky. The smell of sewerage and decay burned Eddie's nostrils, but nothing compared to the ache in his heart for the man lying unconscious in front of him.

He could feel his heart pounding through his rib cage as he took in a deep shuddering breath. He planted his hands carefully on Richie's soft cheeks as he noticed the blood beginning to pool underneath him once again.

He let his eyelashes brush the tops of his cheek bones in an effort of shut his eyes peacefully as he crouched down and moved his face closer to where his hands were situated.

The moment his lips brushed Richie's mouth, something clicked into place. It was as if he had found the missing puzzle piece in a game that he didn't know he was playing.

His stomach churned with hunger but all he could focus on was the feeling of Richie's lips against his. It was a terrible first kiss with the intermingling sewer water which gave off a terrible scent and the lack of contribution to the kiss on Richie's end, but to Eddie, it couldn't have been more perfect.

He was finally kissing the one person he had loved and pined over since he was 13 and nothing could've made him happier.

Eddie found himself floating in his own paradise until the sounds of whispering, gasps and giggles shook him out of his reverie.

He released himself from Richie's touch as he slowly opened his eyes to find another set of brown eyes peering back up at him.

"Eddie?"